

The Sketch

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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1908.

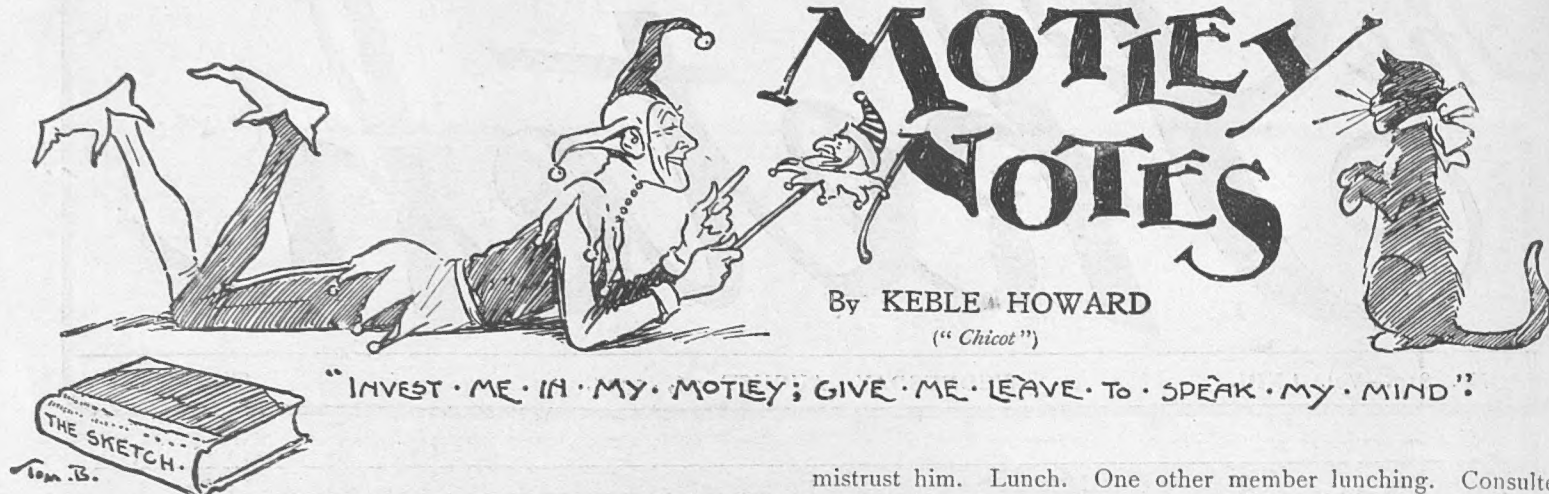
SIXPENCE.



THE AUTHOR OF "THREE WEEKS" AS THE HEROINE OF "THREE WEEKS": MRS. ELINOR GLYN
AS THE LADY OF THE TIGER IN HER STAGE VERSION OF HER NOVEL.

As we note on another page of this issue, Mrs. Elinor Glyn recently appeared as the heroine of her novel, "Three Weeks," in her own adaptation of the book.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



Diary of the August Londoner.

Every year, as soon as the annual clearance takes place, I sing the praises of London in August. I am a little behindhand with my pen this year, having been busy with more immediate matters. But last week, friend the reader, I kept a diary for your benefit. Believe me, I have no desire to make you dissatisfied with your daily round on the shores of the mighty deep—your ample lodging, your bountiful supply of food and drink, your hourly joy in the anticipation of your every want. It is only that I know how often your tender heart aches for those left behind in this vast city. If I can, in some measure, alleviate your anguish on our behalf, my little diary will not have been kept wholly in vain.

Sunday.

Woke at nine. Cool breeze flapping blind. Glimpses of gay sunlight at each flap. Perfect stillness without. Got up. Looked out. Nobody in sight. River lazy and happy. Went to sleep again. Woke at eleven. Breakfast in pyjamas. Read *Referee*. Everybody doing better than ever. Read *Observer*. Winston engaged to be married. Third boom since slack season began. Wonder if anything the matter with Hall Caine. Bathed, shaved, and dressed very slowly. Lunch at club. Painters getting on nicely. Waiter delighted to get busy. Smoking-room empty. Lay full length on couch and read *Sunday Times*. Winston still engaged. Worried about Hall Caine. Went for walk in Park. Beautiful cool breeze. Everybody quite satisfied. Tea. Read Owen Wister's "Virginian." "When you call me *that*, smile!" Delightful. Dinner. Solicitous waiters four deep. Perhaps afraid of forgetting the business. Bed at twelve. Street very quiet.

Monday.

Woke at nine. Blind dancing in breeze. Outer side nicely warmed. No letters. No bills. Telephone silent. Street almost empty. Pigeons under horses' feet. Horses not moving feet. No necessity. Breakfast in pyjamas. Read papers. Full report Winston's speech on Anglo-German relations. Nothing about Hall Caine. Very worried about him. Bathed, shaved, and dressed very slowly. Lunch at club. Pleasant noise of whitewash-brushes on ceiling. Made little joke to complacent whitewasher. Whitewasher laughed. Good. Lunch. Two other members lunching. Resented presence. Waiters divided into three groups. Went into smoking-room. Member there. Went out. Went into writing-room. Member there. Went out. Went into library, feeling club horribly crowded. No member there. Lay on couch with biographical volume and went to sleep. Tea. Read Owen Wister's "Virginian." "I expect she is not an awful sincere spinster." Delicious. Dinner. Four members dining. Must complain to secretary. Waiter said may be less crowded tomorrow. Bed at twelve. Street silent as telephone.

Tuesday.

Woke at nine. Blind playing little tunes. Sun accompanying. No letters. No bills. Telephone silent and getting dusty. Street almost empty. Three workmen try to attract attention by shouting. Fail. Breakfast in pyjamas. Read papers. Not much about Winston. Accident to Father Vaughan. Bicycle leapt over depression in road, giving rider wrench in back. Too bad. Still, name in paper. Worried to death about Hall Caine. Drama coming on, too. Must ask waiter's opinion. Bathed, shaved, and dressed very slowly. Begin to feel strong enough to take holiday. Lunch at club. Complacent whitewasher threw me genial nod. Nodded back. Said work seemed to be going on nicely. Whitewasher laughed—rather sinister laugh. Begin to

mistrust him. Lunch. One other member lunching. Consulted waiter about silence of Hall Caine. Waiter advised not to worry. Suggested calm before storm. Much relieved. Met other member making for smoking-room. Both drew back. Other member went in. Unnecessary reptile. All right in library. Sleep. Tea. Read Owen Wister's "Virginian." "Maybe there's been times when I've acted pretty near like a man." Fine character. Dinner. No other member dining. Splendid. Bed at twelve.

Wednesday.

Woke at nine. Blind very dignified. Gavotte with sun. No letters. No bills. Telephone coated with dust. Think perhaps out of order, but Exchange say not to be silly. Street almost empty. Workmen gone away to shout somewhere else. Pigeons getting very bloated. Breakfast in pyjamas. Read papers. Hall Caine at last. Motor accident—not bicycle. Motor ran down drive without leave and bumped into gatepost. Novelist much shaken. Cancelled engagement at Ramsey. Nothing about Winston or Father Vaughan. Bathed, shaved, and dressed very slowly. Feel quite strong enough for small seaside town if room. Lunch at club. Sinister whitewasher sees me come in and says something to pal. Pal laughs. Cut them both dead. No other member lunching. Head-waiter asks me if I have all I want. Splendid. Leave room very erect. Run round table in smoking-room. Tea. Read Owen Wister's "Virginian." "He's played for a show-down before the caboose gets off the bridge." Long to have been cow-puncher. Dinner. Bed at twelve. Dropped pin on pavement. Bang.

Thursday.

Woke at nine. Blind quite mad. Tarantella. No letters. No bills. Breakfast in pyjamas. Read papers. "Seaside Murder." You see? Nothing about Winston, Hall Caine, or Father Vaughan. Column and a half about Beerbohm Tree. Phillips, Carr, and Tree enormous respect for Goethe. Good. Still, touched him up a bit. Splendid. Bathed, shaved, and dressed very thoughtfully. Column and a half. Feel almost strong enough for large seaside town. Cut whitewasher. Club quite empty. Telephone goes. Startled to death. Hullo? Wrong number. Read Owen Wister's "Virginian." "I reckon yu' can't stop me lendin' Taylor a hawss. And you cert'nly 'll get sick school-teachin'." Bed at twelve.

Friday.

Woke at eight. Blind danced itself off roller. Sun executing pas de seul. No letters. No bills. Breakfast in pyjamas. Read papers. Nothing about Winston, Father Vaughan, Hall Caine, or Beerbohm Tree. Lloyd-George day. Going to Berlin to find out the best way of paying old-age pensions so that all parties will be pleased. Probably be away some time. Bathed, shaved, and dressed more slowly than ever—with view to old-age pension. Felt quite strong enough now to take holiday, even at Brighton. Sinister whitewasher tried to ingratiate self, probably with view to present of alcohol. Gave him cold bow. Club filling up for week-end. Five members lunching. Waiter sorry. Shut self in lift and go rapidly up to roof. Fall asleep in lift. Tea. Read Owen Wister's "Virginian." "Shorty hung around the store and kissed the grocery-cat good-bye. This hyeh country is no country for Shorty, for he will be a conspicuous novice all his days." Good phrase—conspicuous novice. Think of several. Perhaps one self. Club crowded at dinner-time. Eight members. Staff disorganised. Only three waiters to each member. Think time to leave for quieter spot.

Saturday.

Left for—quieter spot.

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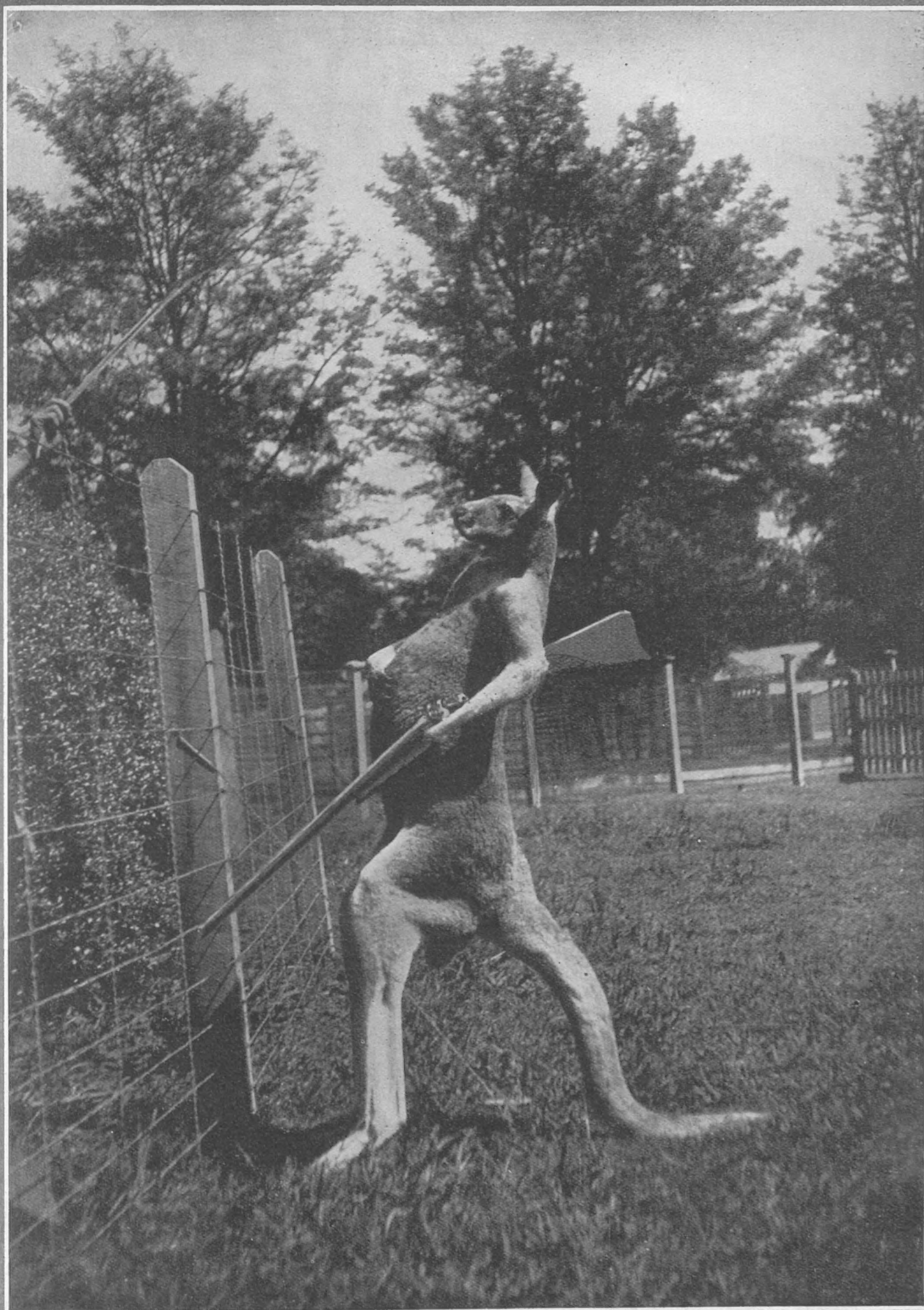
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A TAIL AS A SHOOTING-SEAT.



AN ANIMAL COMPENDIUM: A KANGAROO SITTING ON HIS TAIL.

We need scarcely point out that the position of the kangaroo here shown resembles very much that of a sportsman sitting on a shooting-seat. The photograph of the kangaroo was taken at the Melbourne "Zoo" by Professor Ricalton. We added the gun that our point might be the more emphasised. Otherwise the photograph has not been touched.

Photograph by Professor Ricalton; Gun by "The Sketch."

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E.F.S. (Monocle).

THE SEPTEMBER PRODUCTIONS.

THE wisdom displayed by certain of those who conduct theatrical operations in London may be seen in the fact that, after six weeks or so during which we have had no première of importance, there are nearly a dozen "first-nights" fixed for the first nine days of September; and some of the new productions will clash with others, whilst the critics, after getting out of their habit of turning night into day, will have a rush of heavy tasks. It is not without a little disappointment that one contemplates the list of coming novelties. I presume that "Faust," at His Majesty's, is to be regarded as the main event: with Messrs. Stephen Phillips and Comyns Carr as the authors, and Mr. Tree for the manager, something remarkable ought to be produced. It is, however, difficult to forget that Irving and Wills, in combination, failed to present a "Faust" that was worthy of the subject except from a pictorial point of view, and the difficulty of doing justice to the theme that will always be associated with the names of Marlowe and Goethe is gigantic, partly, it may be, because it is so very easy to produce an effective commonplace drama with Marguerite, Faust, and Mephistopheles. However, there is no doubt that we shall see something quite wonderful in the way of stage-pictures, and the capacity of the two dramatists is well known. Moreover, Mr. Tree's Mephistopheles ought to be very noteworthy.

There have been certain forewords concerning "The Duke's Motto," in which Mr. Lewis Waller is to appear at the Lyric and present the character rendered famous by Fechter. I have before me French's acting edition of Paul Féval's drama, which bears the name of "The Duke's Daughter," and refers to the fact that a version of the play was presented as "The Duke's Motto" by Fechter, and also as "The Duke's Bequest" and as "Blanche of Nevers; or, I Am Here." Fechter was before my time, nor can I recollect any revival of the piece. According to the edition I have just been reading, it is deliciously absurd, being, indeed, a melodrama of the deepest dye, written in a very funny, high-falutin' style. However, Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, the adaptor, is a

clever man, as was shown by the success of his piece, "If I were King," which ran for a long time at the St. James's

No doubt Mr. McCarthy will give us something better than the simple printed version, so far as style is concerned, and Mr. Lewis Waller's thousands of admirers will have an opportunity of seeing him in one of the sword-and-cape romantic dramas, of a type in which there is no nonsense about reticence or reserve force or psychology. Seeing how little our playgoers appear to have changed as a body, I have little doubt as to the immense success of Mr. Waller in the three parts of the Captain, the armourer, and Æsop the Hunchback, in which Fechter thrilled the world of London forty-five years ago.

Two others of the novelties are adaptations. "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," in which Mr. Forbes Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliott, with a very strong company, make their reappearance in London, is founded, so I hear, by Mr. Jerome, on one of his short stories. Let us hope that it will enjoy as great a success as that of Mr. Jerome's play, "Miss Hobbs," in which Miss Evelyn Millard appeared some years ago at the Duke of York's. Moreover, Miss Millard, who herself is beginning her career as actress-manageress, is presenting a play founded on a novel, and written by Mr. Roy Horniman, author of that popular piece, "The Education of Elizabeth."

Among the novelties, we are to have a musical comedy, "The King of Cadonia," with music by Mr. Sydney Jones, and the author of

the book is Mr. Lonsdale, who has also written the play called "The Worm," to be presented on the first night selected by Mr. Forbes-Robertson; and we are to have an American piece, called "Paid in Full," as well as an English farce by Messrs. Harry and Edward Paulton, entitled "The Old Firm." Mr. Martin Harvey will once more revive that fine old crusted melodrama, "The Corsican Brothers." Many will consider that the most interesting event of all is the presentation of Mr. J. M. Barrie's new comedy, in four acts called "What Every Woman Knows," with a strong cast, at the Duke of York's.



MR. LEWIS WALLER'S NEW LEADING LADY: MISS VALLI VALLI, WHO IS TO PLAY BLANCHE DE NEVERS IN "THE DUKE'S MOTTO."

"The Duke's Motto" is described as a melodrama, is by Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, and is to be produced at the Lyric on the 8th of next month. Mr. Waller himself will play Henry de Lagardière.

Photograph by Baisano.



IS THE DOOM OF THE ADAPTOR SEALED? A PLAY IN ESPERANTO: A SCENE FROM THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE VERSION OF GOETHE'S "IPHIGENIE AUF TAURIS."

As we note on another page of this issue, an Esperanto version of Goethe's "Iphigenie auf Tauris" was produced at Dresden the other day during the Esperanto Congress.

After the Original Photograph by the Court photographer Hahn (successor), Dresden; and Verlag Photochemie, Berlin, N.

LE LEVER DE CONSUL.



1. SIX O'CLOCK: HE DECIDES TO GET UP.

3. SIX-TWENTY-FIVE: HALF-WAY TOWARDS BREAKFAST.

5. SEVEN THIRTY: THE FIRST CIGARETTE OF THE DAY.

2. SIX-TEN: IN HIS MORNING TUB.

4. SIX-FORTY-FIVE: BREAKFAST.

6. EIGHT O'CLOCK: EXERCISE ON THE TRICYCLE.

Our photographs show Consul, the wonderfully trained monkey who is one of the most interesting features of Bostock's Jungle at Earl's Court Exhibition.

Photographs by Meggy.

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD: A PARADE THAT IS 7 MILES LONG.

WHERE "UNEXAMPLED AGGREGATIONS OF COLOSSAL WEALTH" CAN BE SEEN.



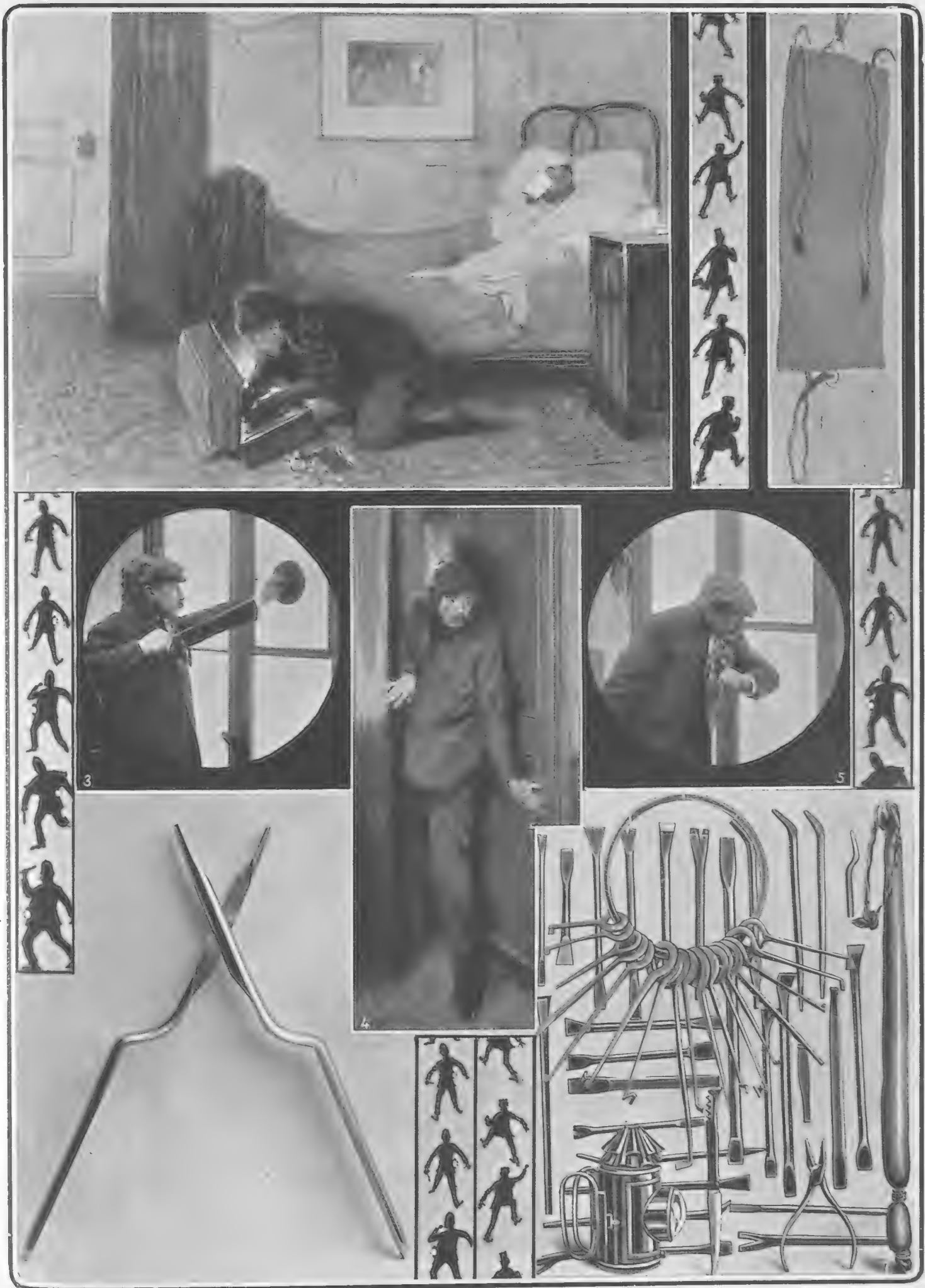
1. THE GREAT BOARD WALK OF ATLANTIC CITY, A PROMENADE THAT IS SEVEN MILES LONG.

2. EVEN MORE ELABORATE THAN THE FRANCO-BRITISH CHAIRS: THE SEDAN-LIKE ROLLING-CHAIRS WHICH ARE A FEATURE OF ATLANTIC CITY.

3. A BEACH THAT CAN ACCOMMODATE FORTY THOUSAND, AT ATLANTIC CITY.

Atlantic City, the great seaside resort of America, is an island about ten miles long and about a mile wide. So popular is it that as many as 40,000 people can be seen at one time on the beach, and bathing. The city boasts a Board Walk, which is seven miles long. Along this promenade, old and young, well and ill are pushed in the rolling chairs that are a feature of the place. The dress parade at Atlantic City is remarkable, and it has been said (of course by an American) that "such numbers, such dresses, such unexampled aggregations of colossal wealth can be seen nowhere else, Sir, on God's earth."—[Photographs by Mountstephen.]

"THE PROPRIETOR IS NOT RESPONSIBLE —": HOTEL "RATS"
AND "MICE," THEIR WAYS AND THEIR WORK.



1. THE HOTEL "MOUSE," HAVING PLACED A CHLOROFORM PAD OVER HER VICTIM'S MOUTH, PROCEEDS TO RIFLE HIS BAG.
2. THE PAD CARRIED BY THIEVES FOR PLACING OVER WALLS THAT HAVE BEEN TOPPED WITH BROKEN GLASS.
3. PULLING AWAY A CIRCLE OF GLASS, ALREADY CUT BY MEANS OF A DIAMOND.
4. THE HOTEL "RAT."

5. DEADENING THE NOISE CAUSED BY BREAKING GLASS, BY STRIKING A SQUARE OF PAPER ALREADY PLACED ON THE GLASS.
6. HOW DOORS ARE UNLOCKED FROM THE OUTSIDE: THE LONG-NOSED PLIERS WITH WHICH THE KEY IS GRASPED AND TURNED BY THE "WRONG" END WHILE IT IS IN THE LOCK.
7. THE EQUIPMENT OF A HOTEL "RAT": A REMARKABLE COLLECTION OF SKELETON KEYS, CHISELS, LEVERS, AND SO ON.

The hotel "rat," as the man thief who burgles hotels is often called, and the hotel "mouse," the woman thief who lives by similar methods, are hard at work just now, although it must be said in justice to the hotel proprietor, that the precautions taken at hotels now make the thief's task more and more arduous, and less and less profitable. This may account for the fact that many of the "rats" and "mice" seem to be turning their attention to the breaking open of private houses. The methods they use are, of course, much the same in either case.



DAUGHTER OF THE MEXICAN MINISTER
AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S;
Mlle. DE CORRUBIAS.

Photograph by Thomson.

be his proud boast that he has hitherto always eluded that ubiquitous personage—the interviewer; and he is equally deaf to the requests of those editors of popular books of reference who would fain be able to present their readers with a short account of the famous medico. Dr. Ott was one of the first of the foreign doctors to realise the all-importance of simple hygiene and diet. But though he believes in a very strict regimen, he has never approved of the reckless “banting” which was at one time so much recommended at foreign “water-cures.” On more than one occasion the famous doctor has come to England in order to attend a favourite patient; but when this happens the fact is never chronicled in what our ancestors styled the Public Prints.

A Lady of the Diplomatic Corps. Although the Mexican Minister has not long been established at the Legation in Cromwell Road, where he succeeded General and Mme. de Corrubias have already been

THE great Dr. Ott, who is much cherished by habitués of the famous Bohemian Spa where the King is now making his “cure,” is one of the half-dozen medical celebrities of the Continent. It is said to

youth in the historic country-houses owned by Lord Scarbrough, and both at Sandbeck Park and in Park Lane she has helped her mother to do the honours to an exceptionally large circle. Her little half-sister—Lord

LORD SCARBROUGH'S STEP-DAUGHTER;
MISS ASHTON.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

Scarbrough's only child—is only seven years old.

The Hon. Mrs. Lionel Walrond. Among future Peeresses, there are few who can boast of better looks and better wits than Mrs. Lionel Walrond, who, as Miss Lottie Coats, was equally popular in Ayrshire and London Society. Mrs. Walrond is interested in politics, in sport, and in music, and immediately after her marriage, which occurred four years ago, she threw herself into the congenial task of winning the West-country constituency where her husband was already known and liked, and since he has been in Parliament she has thoroughly enjoyed the rôle of energetic political hostess. Mr. and Mrs. Walrond are now spending a few weeks at Glen Tanar, the lovely place on Deeside, where her parents entertain on so splendid a scale.



THE HON. MRS. LIONEL WALROND'S SON: MASTER WILLIAM
GEORGE HOOD WALROND.

The little boy is a grandson of Mrs. George Coats, of Glen Tanar Fore 1, near Balmoral, and of Lord Waleran.—[Photograph by Keturah Colling.]

A Highland Lady.

Miss Margaret Fraser may be said to have been last week the



TO MARRY CAPTAIN SCOTT OF THE
“DISCOVERY” EXPEDITION; MISS KATHLEEN
BRUCE.

Miss Bruce is the daughter of that well-known clergyman, Canon Lloyd Bruce. Her wedding to Captain Scott is to take place in the early autumn.

Photograph supplied by Press Picture Agency.

Gallardo, his Excellency accorded the warmest of welcomes in the great English world. During the brilliant Season just concluded they were to be seen at all the smartest functions, including the notable series of dinners and dances given by various hostesses for the King and Queen, and to most of these they were accompanied by their charming and accomplished daughter, Mlle. de Corrubias.

Lord Scarbrough's Stepdaughter. A particular interest attaches in Society to the début of Miss Ashton, Lord Scarbrough's pretty stepdaughter. She was still a child when her mother, the then widowed Mrs. Robert Ashton, married the popular Earl, who had seemed destined to go down in social history as the bachelor brother of a group of singularly beautiful and attractive sisters. Miss Ashton has, therefore, spent her

Highland lady par excellence, for she organised the great bazaar at Beaufort Castle which brought all the world and his wife to Lord Lovat's beautiful Scottish home. The Scottish peerage was well represented among the stallholders, as was also, in a more special sense, Highland society, and Miss Fraser, who has much of the pluck and cleverness of her now famous brother, was determined that the charity fête, held, by the way, in aid of the endowment fund of the County Sanatorium, should have many unique features. It was thanks to her efforts that there were brought together perhaps the finest exhibition of Stuart and Jacobite relics ever shown in Scotland, and every Highland Laird as well as Southern owner of Northern shootings, contributed wonderful specimens of stags' heads, a show which, naturally enough, brought together a good many sportsmen, and, we may be sure, caused the telling of many a good story.



ORGANISER OF THE GREAT BAZAAR AT
BEAUFORT CASTLE; THE HON. MARGARET
FRASER.

The Charity Fête was held in aid of the endowment fund of the County Sanatorium. One of its features was a fine exhibition of Stuart and Jacobite relics.

Photograph by W'hite.

WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE ADAPTOR? AN ESPERANTO PLAY.



ABOLISHING BABEL: PLAYERS IN THE ESPERANTO VERSION OF GOETHE'S DRAMA, "IPHIGENIE AUF TAURIS"—HERR EMMANUEL REICHER AS THOAS AND FRÄULEIN HEDWIG REICHER AS IPHIGENIE.

During the Esperanto Congress at Dresden, Goethe's "Iphigenie auf Tauris" was played in Esperanto, with Herr Emmanuel Reicher, the well-known German actor, and Fräulein Hedwig Reicher in the chief parts. Herr Reicher was also responsible for the universal language version of the play. By special permission of the King of Saxony, "High Protector of the Congress," the production took place in the Royal Opera House.

After the Original Photographs by the Court Photographer Hahn (successor), Dresden, and Verlag Photochemie, Berlin, N.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

The Turn of the Hairpin.

While theatre-goers are pestered almost to death by the selfish vanity of the women of many-crested hats, there is a farmer in this land who no longer finds the feet of women beautiful upon the mountains. Women wear hairpins, and when they walk upon the mountains with their lovers, he says, their hairpins fall out, to be eaten by the cows, which die of their cast-iron diet. If the hearts of men were open, we should probably find that the golfers who are out for the Welsh Championship to-day would apply the farmer's embargo to the golf-links. There, too, hairpins fall out. One caused a controversy which is apparently not satisfactorily settled even yet. A player at Truro last year impaled his ball upon a hairpin sticking in the ground, and lost several strokes in holing out. The question as to whether it was necessary to play the ball in such a position divided the whole golfing-world. The balance of evidence seems to indicate that the player was unnecessarily scrupulous in playing the ball where it hung. Much turns upon a hairpin.

War and the Cab-fare.

Visitors to the Dublin Horse Show this week will probably find that the London cabman has his equal for rapacity in the man who drives the Irish car. It is credibly reported that never in the whole history of locomotion has an Irish carman been satisfied with his fare. An American did try to break this sad record by giving his man ten shillings for a shilling fare, but the man observed that as he did not wish to break into gold, perhaps his honour had a spare sixpence about him. The Irishman may, as a rule, be forgiven, for the humour he displays; the London cabbie has a reputation for the same gift, and is wholly undeserving of it. It was a good specimen of the Irish car-driving fraternity who tried to wheedle an extra tip out of an officer newly returned from the Tirah campaign. He failed, so gloomily remarked, "Wisha, bad luck to the A f r a d a y s!" "Why?" asked his fare. "Because, thin, they've killed all the gintlemen that fought agin 'em," was the answer.

A Record of Crime.

It hardly needed Mr. Rider Haggard's appeal in the *Times* to make us all eager to exterminate the



A SOVEREIGN WHO HAS NOT SEEN THE BACK OF ANY ONE OF HIS SUBJECTS: THE KING OF SIAM.

Among the poorer classes of Siam, there is a tradition that their ruler has never seen the back of any one of his subjects, no one being permitted to turn his back upon the monarch. The Bangkok paper that tells this story also avers that a curious incident happened when King Chulalongkorn was in London. His Majesty was given apartments on the first floor, while his suite were placed in rooms above. This arrangement had to be altered, for the King was not slow to remark that even Europeans ought to know that his proper place was above the heads of all, and that no one had better right to sleep nearer the skies than he himself—a man nearer to the gods than other men. It is not said whether his Majesty is to have our highest skyscraper placed at his disposal when next he visits us.

rat. Certainly the librarians of the country, who are this week in conference at Brighton, need no spur to set them, metaphorically, at the throats of the vermin. So many precious tomes have been destroyed to make the nests of rats. There is a rare example at the Chapter House of Westminster of the damage wrought by rats among the treasures of the bibliophile. Seeing that the tragedy was enacted two centuries ago, it is a little uncharitable, perhaps, to bring it up against the rats of to-day; but then, the crime has only just been discovered. There were rats, large rats and small, in the Chapter library, and a family of them made their nest in the wall, where a brick had been knocked out to admit the end of a scaffold-pole during a time of alterations. The scaffold-pole was removed, and the hole bricked up, leaving the rat family to perish in their lair. The skeletons of the lot were discovered only recently. Their nest was made up of pieces of paper nibbled from the choicest books, including the famous Queen Elizabeth's Prayer Book—books worth to-day more than their weight in gold.

Good Morning, Then Good-bye.

It was an extremely plucky thing on the part of that young lady who travelled all the way from London to New York simply that she might keep an appointment and enjoy an interview of less than half-an-hour's duration. But to say that such a thing had never been done before, is to risk too much. When Prince Demidoff was on his way to Kamchatka, from Moscow, on a shooting trip the other year, he had as a travelling companion a man with as extensive a mission. He was

a quiet, tranquil soul; he mooned away his time in the corner of his carriage, smoking cigarettes from dawn to sundown, not in the least interested in things about him, nor regarding his trip as at all out of the common. He was a rich merchant, and he was going all the way to Irkutsk. Irkutsk is his native town, and the Japanese ambassador was about to visit the place. The traveller thought it would be rather nice to receive him in his own house, so here he was, on a six-thousand mile trip by rail, just to say good-morning and good-bye.



SLEEPING OUT—AND YET NOT AT A BOARDING-HOUSE; COOL SHAKE-DOWNS ON THE DECK OF A P. AND O. LINER IN THE RED SEA IN AUGUST.

It will be seen that many passengers are sleeping on deck. The photograph was taken at sunrise, when most of the "victims" of the camera were still asleep.

THEN THE POET ESCAPED !



EDITOR: My dear Sir, we can't publish stuff like this. Why, it's not verse at all; it's an escape of gas.
SPRING POET: Ah, I see—something wrong with the metre.

DRAWN BY CHARLES CROMBIE.



WHATEVER the more up-to-date managers may say on the subject of realistic endings to plays presented in London, there is no doubt that in the provinces the traditional happy ending, with the lovers in each other's arms, is still the most satisfactory to the audience. A striking proof of it occurred at Greenock on one occasion, when Mr. Henry Vibart was playing in the Wilson Barrett version of "The Manxman." In this, all the principal characters leave the stage one after the other; first Pete, then Cæsar, then Kirrie, and last of all, Philip, hopeless and broken, totters off. A moment after, the curtain falls on an empty stage. As a rule, there is invariably great applause, disproving, perhaps, the opening statement of this paragraph, and proving that the provinces appreciate real artistry and a logical conclusion. On the opening night at Greenock, however, the company was amazed when, at the fall of the curtain, instead of the usual clapping of hands there was an extraordinary outburst of "booing." The band played "God Save the King" several times, but the uproar increased. Then the local manager burst on to the stage in a state bordering on frenzy, and, shouting at the top of his voice, said—"What sort o' a play d'ye call this? It's no a play at all. There's nae feenish to it. Do you hear them? Do you hear them? They're tearing doon ma hoose! We've played 'God Save the King' sax times, and I canna get them to gang oot. I'll no hae a play like this in ma hoose," and off he went again, like a rocket, sympathising with the gallery, who thought they had been defrauded because the hero and the heroine were not presenting the usual tableau which betokens "a happy ending." Happily, such a scene would be impossible at any performance of the play at the Lyceum.

The original Pete of "The Manxman," and the latest representative of that character, who is to be seen on the Lyceum stage on Saturday next in the popular person of Mr. Matheson Lang, have just met. In company with Mr. Carpenter, Mr. Lang paid a visit to Mr. Hall Caine in the Isle of Man, in order that they might see something of the local colour. Among other people, they met the fisherman from whom Mr. Hall Caine drew many of the characteristics of Pete. By a curious coincidence, one of the first things the man said to Mr. Lang, before he even knew anything about his being an actor or his forthcoming performance of Pete, was, "A man's not much good if his wife's a widow"—a Manx proverb which Mr. Lang uses in his part.

The way in which the feelings of an audience can be worked upon by the actor is little short of phenomenal, especially in the

provinces, where the people are more prone than they are in London to accept as true the events they see portrayed before them, and, as a consequence, to let their emotions run away with them. Sometimes, indeed, this ebullition of feeling even goes to the extent of threatening what the lawyers call grievous bodily harm to the actor who has the misfortune to put himself in the bad graces of the audience. A vivid example of this once occurred in the career of Mr. Hamilton

Stewart. Had the design of the man not been frustrated, Mr. Stewart might possibly not have lived to be the brilliant representative of Sherlock Holmes he is: he has played the part hundreds of times in the provinces, and he is still acting it. On the occasion in question, he was playing the villain in a melodrama, and had to threaten the heroine, who was the sweetheart of the sailor-hero of the play. As he came to the end of that scene, he noticed a disturbance in the pit, but thought nothing of it. The next moment, however, a sailor jumped on to the stage, and, drawing his clasp-knife, rushed after him crying, "I'll do for you, you brute, if you don't leave that girl alone!" Luckily, several of the stagehands noticed the intruder, and as Mr. Stewart made his exit they succeeded in disarming the sailor, who was eventually pacified and made to realise that what he had seen was only make-believe, and that the actor had no real or personal animosity against the lady whose cause the stranger, true to the typical traditions of the sea, was too ready to champion.



THE MAGICIAN OF THE PALACE: MR. ALFRED BUTT, MANAGER OF THE PALACE, IN HIS OFFICE.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

Miss Thelma Raye, who has been appearing as Elsa, in "The Girls of Gottenberg," at the Adelphi, and is now acting that part on tour, will be remembered by theatre-goers as having played Miss Denise Orme's part in "The Little Michus" and, following the lead of that clever young actress-vocalist, she accompanied one of her songs on the violin. Few people, however, are aware that, in doing this, she achieved what was regarded as a practically impossible result. When "The Little Michus" was first-produced, Miss Raye had no practical knowledge of the violin.

Pluckily she determined, however, to learn to play Braga's Serenata, which was introduced by Miss Orme, in order that she might get the opportunity of understudying the part. For four hours every day for six weeks she practised the piece strenuously. At the end of that time she was able to play it so well that, as soon as the management heard her, her ambition was realised, and she was given the part to understudy. In a little



HORROR: MISS HARDING, WHO IS TO APPEAR AT THE PALACE IN IMITATIONS OF THE "TURNS" AT THAT HALL.

Photographs by Bassano.



LAUGHTER: MISS HARDING, WHO IS TO APPEAR AT THE PALACE IN IMITATIONS OF THE "TURNS" AT THAT HALL.

while, the opportunity came for her to play it. This she did with such success that as the curtain fell on her first performance the whole of the orchestra rose in their places and applauded her, to the amazement of the audience, which, naturally, did not understand the reason for the exceptional demonstration.

GOLDEN IN THE MORNING; LEAD AT NIGHT.



THE BOY: You said these fish were gold, father!

THE FATHER: Well, my son, so they are.

THE BOY: But they aren't. I tried them with acid and they all died.

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

MR. CLIFFORD SMITH'S "Jewellery" is such a book as has long clamoured to be written; it is such a book as Lady Blessington would have revelled in; for a hobby of hers, as if in support of the adjective that is often rather foolishly prefixed to her name, was the "gorgeous" one of ornaments. It is such a book, too, as a very different personage, Coventry Patmore, who knew the mystic side of the jewel by heart, and made some of the few serious contributions to the literature of jewellery that exist out of Scripture, would have read with the fellow-feeling that maketh wondrous kind.

It is strange, considering how common is the instinct for ornament, that there have been so few great writings on the subject. Are publishers born without the sentiment which makes the coster cover his coat with "pearlies," makes Mr. Max Beer-bohm put boot-buttons in his cuffs, prompts the Chinaman to sheathe his nails in elaborate gold scabbards, and Mr. Augustus John to wear earrings? Mr. Methuen, at least, is human enough to publish the jewellery-book, even if, personally, he tricks himself out in nothing but a watch-chain and a scarf-pin, usages common to Mr. Murray and Mr. Fisher Unwin.

There are, of course, men who have no ears for ear-rings, who have no passion for jewellery, just as there are men who have no ear for music; there are, I am told, men who do not, like a hero of fiction when his wife was away, sleep in abandoned bracelets and tiaras. But the average man, however much he may be frightened into the grey and unadorned ways of life by the conventions that surround him, has, in fact, a secret joy in jewels. And if he does not, like Coventry Patmore, carry rubies in his waistcoat-pocket, he is not above borrowing for a moment the plumes of his wife's casket when he is in the privacy of his chamber.

Mr. Clifford Smith, may or may not ponder private jewels, but as a librarian in the Victoria and Albert Museum he has had much occasion to consider the treasures of the National jewel-cases at South Kensington. He does not admit it, but jewellery has entered into his blood, even as it has entered into yours and mine. Precious stones, rather than the finished ornaments or settings, command the pulses of the enthusiast, as they have inspired the pens of poets and of the Robert Louis Stevensons of all ages. At the core of how many romances are set precious stones? Whether in the band-box borne by the silly hero of the "New Arabian Nights" across the smoked emerald grass of Kensington Gardens, or whether in the folds of Banavah the Beautiful's robes, the ruby and its sisters and

brothers and cousins pulsate through the literature of fabulous adventure. And yet it is against the conscience of both romancers to be found personally engrossed with the loveliness of the jewel: each would prove, even on a fabulous page, the futility of such riches. A feeling of guiltiness creeps through the Western mind when it has much traffic with precious stones. Even Duchesses have been known to pale under the burden of the concentrated and hoarded wealth in pearls; and the Empress Eugénie refused a wedding gift of diamonds from

the city of Paris, that the small fortune which it was proposed should be expended upon them might be devoted to the endowing of a hospital. Only the Eastern mind is perfectly content in great possessions. The Western woman puts even her earrings into Father Ignatius's collecting-plate; and the American financier who spends a fortune on stones spends it on the stones of Free Libraries, which have now a little connection with jewels, since Mr. Clifford Smith's book will be found in them.

The American Cæsus is more concerned with "settlements" than with settings. But Mr. Clifford Smith, steering more or less clear of the perilous rocks of emerald and ruby, is enmeshed in the fascination of chased gold and carven silver. He is fettered by the chain-makers of Venice and Florence. He tells the history of the craft with considerable skill, and he has to create his part of historian as he proceeds; for, in the English language, at least, there is no book that has done quite what his now attempts to do. Among the English jewels described in his pages are those bequeathed to New College, Oxford by William of Wykeham in 1404; the King Alfred jewel, lost near the Isle of Athelney, in the ninth century, and restored

to modern times as a type of a kingly grandeur far more human and appealing than anything that Kimberley can contribute to living kings' treasures. How little Burlington Arcade or Bond Street knows of such jewellery as adorns, in Mr. Clifford Smith's book, the phantom figures of the past! One little velvet case in Mr. Streeter's safe holds, perhaps, the value of the whole of the sixteenth-century Ponte Vecchio, and it is not improbable that many a rope of pearls, knotted as inelegantly as a bell-rope about the neck of an American heiress, could have ransomed, as far as actual value goes, all the jewellery of the Elizabethan Court. The quality of riches is as various as are the styles and individuality of the jewellers of the past. It is from the mine of the ancient workshops, as well as from the mines of Australia and South Africa, that the collector must gather his greatest gems.

M. E.



[DRAWN BY REG. CARTER.]

THE BATH-BED—PATENT NOT APPLIED FOR.

SCENE: A CROWDED HOTEL AT THE SEASIDE. TIME, 3 A.M.—THE BOARDER (entering Bath-room, and finding the bath in use as a bed); Now then, you get out. I've got to catch the 4.12 to town.

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The Five that Fascinate: The Senses.



II.—SMELL.

DRAWN BY MARION D. MORGAN.

lighted a cigarette, and made himself comfortable before he answered the daring creature's request.

"All right. Word of honour, please." The two girls gave it in unison.

"Then—the title is, 'Near the Wind.' Do you like it?"

"Oh, yes."

"And the plot—well, the plot is highly respectable. There is a City man and his well-born wife. He is most exultant, loves her, gives her everything she wants, has no v—faults at all. Lucky woman, eh?"

Jane leaned forward; her little delicate face aglow in the fire-light. "Oh, yes!"

"And you, Miss Petre?"

Pansy shrugged her shoulders. "Go on, please," she returned deftly.

He laughed, and went on.

"Then—now don't be alarmed," waving his hand, "there is another man. Rather a beast, this second chap. Gambles, and is—a horrid person generally. Only—he and the City man's wife were brought up in the same way. Sucked in the same idea-germs from their Bond Street bottles, and are bored by the same things, w—which is a tie," he added thoughtfully. "Now then, guess what happened."

Jane shook her head, puzzled, but interested.

Pansy, unbecomingly, but forcefully, thrust out her under lip and frowned.

"They fall in love with each other, and the City man finds out—and——"

Nettlefold laughed. "Yes. 'And'——?"

"They bolt," decided Jane, with authority.

Pansy shook her head. "No, they don't; but they *nearly* do, and that's what the title means!"

"Wrong," Nettlefold declared, lighting a fresh cigarette. "Don't you wish you knew?"

For a few minutes they bombarded him with questions which met with no response beyond that of the most enigmatical smile ever seen on an Occidental face, and then, quite closing his eyes, he remarked quietly, "And if you could just open a green leather box on my table, you'd know. Isn't life a tragedy?"

"What would you do to us if we *did* go and look?"

Pansy's dark face wore a most entrancing grin as she put the outrageous question.

"Do? Nothing. Only, this happens to be the key," touching a little gold one on his watch-chain.

"That is not fair. You know we *can't*."

"Oh, Pansy!" murmured the troubled Jane.

Nettlefold smoked for a moment with those maddening curtains over his eyes, and then took the key from his chain and put it into a bowl of dried rose-leaves at his elbow.

"I dine out," he said, his voice almost inaudible for hoarseness, "and so does Lady Lawless. Here's the key. And to you, young lady with the wicked eyebrows," he added suddenly, staring at Pansy with an intensity that nearly sent her backwards into the fire, "I'll tell something else. That book is founded on fact, and, as it stands, tells a good bit of my own story—the story you have been so wondering about yesterday and to-day. It's so personal that I'm going to change and cut that part out, so when it's published my secrets shall still be my secrets. But as the manuscript now stands, it reveals all my most bloody secrets. Where are you dining, Lady Lawless?"

"In Grosvenor Street. And you?"

"At the Savage. An American genius has just written a novel about the sewage of New York, and I am to meet him. It will," he added croakingly, "be a great privilege."

Three hours later, the two girls sat together at their tête-à-tête dinner. Neither of them was out, but each one wore a slightly décolleté white frock: Pansy's, it was obvious, the result of home talent, though simple enough; Jane's, though simple in design, as plainly bearing the stamp of some trans-Channel artist.

Both girls were a little silent and preoccupied, for both were thinking excitedly of the key in the rose-bowl, and when at last the servants had withdrawn, they burst out simultaneously:

"Oh, Pansy!"

"Oh, Jane!"

There was a palpitating pause, and then sixteen-year-old Pansy went on, "There'd be no harm in looking at *the key*."

Jane gasped. "Oh, Pansy!" she repeated, helplessly.

Pansy laughed. She always grew bolder when Jane funk'd a thing—the "always" dating from three days back, when they had first met. "I'm going to see that key," she declared firmly, rising, "before this wicked world is an hour older!"

The rose-bowl was very broad and fat, and filled with a delightful concoction of flowers and spices. First the conspirators bent their heads and sniffed.

"Very fragrant," announced Jane; "but—I smell the bones of Englishmen."

"Let's draw lots as to which is to take the first plunge?"

"Right oh!"

Jane's was the first plunge, but she missed the key. Pansy did the same, and then Jane repeated her vain effort.

"Jane Lydden, what if he took it out!" cried Miss Petre excitedly.

"No—I'm sure he didn't do that. Try again, Peter Pansy."

And this time the little gilt key came out of its hiding-place, and was gravely inspected.

"Why, it's just like the key of my despatch-box," cried Jane. "Exactly. One of those things from Asprey's! Oh, Pansy, how easy it would be. He almost said we might."

"No, he didn't. But we could if we wanted to. Oh, Jane!"

"Oh, Pansy!"

Nettlefold came in early. The dinner had bored him. Possibly because he didn't care about sewers. Besides, it was a chilly evening, and he wanted to sit by his fire and read.

When he reached his sitting-room and switched on the light, he was greeted by two low giggles, and there, sitting on the rug by his fire, were the two girls.

"Mesdames!"

"Are you not glad to see us?" asked Pansy.

"Enchanted, but——"

"But surprised. We wanted to return you the key. We feared you might feel nervous about it. Here it is." Rising, she handed him the tiny object.

Jane Lydden sat silently watching, her smooth brown hair quite gold in the strong light.

Biddulph took off his coat, disposed of it, and his hat, and then sat down in his favourite chair.

"Well," he asked coolly, "how did you like it?"

"We find it—a bit stiff," Jane answered.

"How do you like Redmond?"

"We like him *very* much." This from Pansy.

"And my heroine—what's-her-name—you like her?"

"Not so much as Redmond."

"And you, Miss Jane; do you agree with Miss Peter Pansy, as I heard you call her?"

"Not altogether. I—I rather like the husband, too."

"By Jove!" ejaculated Biddulph, somewhat aghast. "Then you really *did* open the box? I——"

"Did you think we wouldn't?"

"I—it was a stupid jest. However, in a year's time you'll be reading my works, so there is not so much harm done," he returned, unconsciously cynical, as he lit a cigarette. "Either of you ladies smoke?"

They both did, it appeared, on great occasions. This was a Great Occasion.

The novelist was amused, but also a little vexed. It was the old story of Pandora, he thought, ruefully, and they were just old enough to have the book do them no good.

After a long pause he asked Pansy how she liked the last chapter. After all, if she chose to read it it was not his fault, and her opinion would be amusing. To his surprise, she looked down in confusion.

"I didn't like it so *much*," she answered; "do you?"

"Well, yes. As a chapter it is distinctly good. It is a good bit of analysis, and as literature it seems to me—not bad."

"Oh, yes, we both liked the *style*," put in Jane, hastily.

"The deuce you did!"

"Just a *little* like 'Madame Bovary,'" remarked Pansy, with a pensive squint down at her cigarette.

"Well, upon my word! However, if you go in for Flaubert, I'm sure I need not mind your reading my humble effort!"

Pansy laughed. "A very remarkable writer, Flaubert. Will you give me another cigarette, please?"

A moment later she rose. "Good-night, Mr. Nettlefold. Thanks, so much."

"Good-night, ladies."

He closed the door softly after them and sat down. "Amazing. And rather a pity."

Suddenly the door opened and Pansy came in.

"I say," she began hastily, "I'm afraid you are worried. Well—it was a joke. We planned it. I got that about Flaubert out of an article in the *Saturday Review* about another of your books."

"But——"

"As to the key, it hasn't even *touched* your box since you closed it."

"Are you in earnest, you little wretch?" he laughed croakingly. "You—you—am-maze me."

"I give you my word of honour the key was in my pocket until we heard you coming. It—my word of honour."

Quite bewildered, he sat by the fire and tried to remember what the two girls had said to convince him that they had read the book, but it was all vague in his mind. And then, remembering her word of honour with something like relief, he took up a book and began to read.

Upstairs, Miss Lydden and Miss Petre undressed with the door between their rooms wide open.

"Oh, Pansy, it *was* wonderful. You are really a genius. You'll have a ripping time when you come out."

"My dear"—Pansy was sitting on the floor, taking off her stockings—"it was all *your* doing."

Jane stared. "Mine?"

"Of course. The despatch-box key is yours, isn't it?"

THE END.

THE LADY AND THE COWBOY: BRONCHO-BUSTING AT WOKING.



1. MR. AND MRS. HERBERT SLEATH'S COUNTRY HOME, DORMY COTTAGE.

3. AT THE WINDOW.

5. MISS JEFFREYS STARTING FOR A DRIVE.

2. MR. HERBERT SLEATH'S SHOW TEAM.

4. MR. SLEATH, IN HIS "WHITE MAN" KIT, TRIES A LITTLE LASSOWING.

6. OUT RIDING, WITH MR. ALAN AYNESWORTH.

WHAT IT IS TO BE A SUCCESSFUL PLAYER! MR. HERBERT SLEATH AND MRS. HERBERT SLEATH (MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS) RUSTICATING AT DORMY COTTAGE, ST. JOHN'S, WOKING.

Mr. Herbert Sleath and the Lyric Company began their tour in "A White Man" at Blackpool on Monday last, Mr. Sleath appearing in the part played by Mr. Lewis Waller, and Miss Ellis Jeffreys (Mrs Sleath) playing Diana. Miss Jeffreys will leave the company when a play that is in hand is ready for her to produce in London. Mr. Sleath will present "Pudden-Head Wilson," with Mr. George Fawcett in his original part, in February. Next week "A White Man" will be at the Coronet, Notting Hill.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

FOR THE TOOTHLESS SWEET-TOOTH.



THE SHOPMAN: Hardbake, Ma'am?

OLD LADY: No, no! I've no teeth.

THE SHOPMAN: Would you try our gum-drops then?

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

AMONG the most charming and accomplished ladies who move more particularly in political society is Mrs. Coningsby Disraeli. Although she has some of the bluest blood of Portugal in her veins, as Miss Marion Silva she passed a delightful childhood and girlhood at Testcombe, the beautiful Hampshire seat of her father, Mr.

Edward Silva, whose only daughter she is. Her marriage to the nephew and heir of the great Conservative statesman, Lord Beaconsfield, took place little more than ten years ago, and naturally aroused extraordinary interest. The bridegroom had already sat for some four years in the House of Commons as member for the Altrincham Division.

A Daughter of Empire. Two families which have well and truly served the State in Britain overseas will



WIFE OF "DIZZY'S" HEIR: MRS. CONINGSBY DISRAELI.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

be united by the marriage of Miss Blanche Vera Palmer to Lieutenant Clive Gray. The bridegroom-elect is the son of an ex-member of the Indian Civil Service; the bride-to-be is the daughter of the late Sir Elwin Palmer, whose name is written large upon the modern history of Egypt. As Financial Adviser to the Khedive, he succeeded at an interesting and critical time in the finances of the land of the Pharaohs. Sir Edgar Vincent, his predecessor, had been reduced to straits which would have taxed the ingenuity of Joseph. Once it was necessary to enforce the recruiting law with tremendous vigour, that ransom paid to escape military service might be forthcoming. At another time, it was necessary to withhold salaries from the end of one year until well into the early part of the next. Sir Elwin took over control after Sir Edgar had had a term which forms one of the most striking chapters in the history of national finance, and had performed miracles in helping to pull the country round. His wife and daughter were with him in Egypt, and brought back with them a poor little lost Fuzzy-Wuzzy, who is by this time an Englishman in all but religious faith.

Is Marriage a Failure? It was a kindly and graceful act on the part of Lord and Lady Carrington to attend the celebration of the sixty-ninth wedding-day of two old folks named Risebrow, at a village near Cromer. Mr. and Mrs. Risebrow, who were born and brought up in this village, Northrepps, where, also, they have spent their long married life, have no fewer than 122 living descendants, and they are, one is glad to learn, still hale and hearty, although this fine old Darby is turned ninety, while his Joan is eighty-seven. Couples like these have their own opinion as to whether marriage is a failure.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable instances of a lady's marriages, not as regards their number, but as regards the varied nationality of her partners, is furnished by Miss Jane Elizabeth Digby, sister of the ninth Lord Digby. She was first married to Lord Ellenborough, who was Viceroy of India and held other important offices; then to Baron de Vennigen, of Bavaria; thirdly, to a well-known and popular General in the Greek Army; and, fourthly and lastly, to an Arab gentleman named Midjouel.

An Anti-Climax. The stories of a faithful

Indian servant who is alleged to have turned awkward, may recall to Anglo-Indians the story of Colonel Bagot's death. It was tragically curious. He was out tiger-shooting with the present Lord Downe. The latter was suddenly attacked by a tiger, and Bagot, rushing in to save his friend, was himself attacked, and had his thigh smashed by the jaws of the brute. He came home to nurse his injury, then returned to India solely for the slaughter of tigers. He took with him into the jungle two powders. One was baking-powder for making his bread; the other was arsenic for preserving the skins of his victims. A faithful servant who had followed him through all his adventures, muddled the powders. He put the baking-powder into the tiger-skins and the arsenic into the bread; and the Colonel, after his first meal, fell as dead as the last victim of his gun.



LOOK, THAT YOU MAY KNOW HIM: THE CROWN PRINCE OF SERBIA.

The Crown Prince of Serbia is paying a visit to the Franco-British Exhibition. He is travelling incognito, under the name of the Count of Orashats.

Photograph by Jovanovitch.



THE CHRYSANTHEMUM-LIKE BOA IN THE LAND OF THE CHRYSANTHEMUM: JAPANESE LADIES IN WINTER DRESS.

It will be noticed that the Japanese lady has taken kindly to the boa, perhaps seeing in it a resemblance to the chrysanthemum.—[Photograph by H. G. Ponting, F.R.G.S.]

A New London Hostess. Lord and Lady Derby are removing, it is announced, from Great Cumberland Place to the beautiful house in Stratford Place hitherto occupied by Lord and Lady Colebrooke. It was here that the lovely peeress, who was one of Queen Alexandra's goddaughters, gave a series of brilliant fêtes to the rank-and-file of the Liberal party. But now the house, so to speak, transfers its allegiance, for Lord and Lady Derby, of course, maintain the traditional Conservatism of the house of Stanley, and his Majesty's present Opposition may look forward to some notable entertaining here during the Autumn Session. It is curious that the new mistress of

Stratford House is, like Lady Colebrooke, honoured by Queen Alexandra, whose Woman of the Bedchamber she has been for some years past, who numbers her amongst the most intimate of her friends.

KEY-NOTES

THE Moody-Manners Opera Company labours in London just now under certain disadvantages of time and place. Sea and countryside still claim many who would be quick to take advantage of performances so creditable to English artists; and the Lyric Theatre, although it is a charming little house, scarcely responds to the needs of grand opera. The orchestra stretches beyond its limits and filis the stage-boxes—the disposition of his forces must give Herr Eckhold moments of uneasiness. It is a difficult matter to convey the spectacular side of such a work as “Lohengrin” in fashion that will enable correct relations to be established between stage-crowd and stage. In face of these obvious drawbacks, the first tendency of the spectator is to admire the skill with which Mr. Charles Manners and his associates have subdued their work to its medium. They have contrived to make the performance effective, and to fit the opera into surroundings that might easily appear to cramp it. From the leading singers down to the chorus, all seem anxious to do justice to the composer and the occasion, and this sustained effort is capably supported by the conductor and an orchestra that should lose a little roughness and uncertainty in the course of a very few performances. London gave a very hearty greeting to Mr. Manners and his talented wife, and although the curtain fell very late upon the last act of “Lohengrin,” enthusiasm had not gone home to bed.

An excellent company is appearing at the Lyric. Mrs. Charles Manners (Miss Fanny Moody) is an interpreter as well as a singer, and if she did not open the first act of “Lohengrin” in her best form it was not necessary to go far through the second act to recognize that her work must give distinction to every performance in which she appears; for she is an artist who has brought no small measure of intelligence to the aid of a considerable natural gift. Mr. Manners, as Henry the Fowler, sang well, and acted with dignity; but Mr. Philip Brozel seemed to be concerned chiefly with singing the music of the name-part—the fact that it was Lohengrin, instead of Tannhäuser, or Tristan, or Walther, did not seem to matter at all to him. Mr. Lewys James, the Telramund, has a beautiful voice and a robust method. He was heard to great advantage on the opening night, and will doubtless add considerably to the number of his admirers. Mme. Marie Louise Roger showed a fine, but uneven, voice, but seemed to suffer from first-night nervousness. The chorus was in excellent form, and the big concerted numbers were always effective, Herr Eckhold's skill being seen very clearly in his control of orchestra and voices. The performance seemed to declare with emphasis that the provinces are fortunate in their leading

opera company, and it will be well for London if Mr. Manners can find sufficient support to justify him in paying more frequent visits.

Mr. Percy Harrison, one of our most enterprising impresarios, is a little uneasy lest some recent comments upon Mme. Tetrassini's art should do her an injustice. The opinion advanced in this place was by no means disparaging to the great prima-donna. It amounted, if memory serves, to an expression of regret that her advent is, of necessity, associated with the revival of some of the cheapest and most trivial operas in the repertoire of Covent Garden. There is no reflection here upon a great singer. The old composers used a libretto as a peg upon which to hang sparkling ornaments for prime-donne; their successors are often fortunate enough to secure first-class libretti, and then proceed to write for everything save the voice. People are apt to talk as though Wagner were the first and last composer to ignore the proper

claims of the singers; but it may be doubted whether he has dealt more severely with them than has young Italy. Now, some of us are looking, in vain, for an opera which shall be full of melody and written with due regard to the limitations of the human voice, that shall boast of a book good enough to provide an emotional, if not a literary, interest. This does not seem much to ask in days when such a work would reward its fortunate composer and writer with wealth and fame; but it is not forthcoming, and consequently artists like Tetrassini must continue to sing the music of trashy operas and, incidentally, give them a renewed lease of life.

The triumph of yet another season of Promenade Concerts would seem to be assured. Mr. Henry Wood presides over an orchestra

composed entirely of first-class players. A considerable improvement has been effected in the brass section, and considering that there are some changes in the constitution of the orchestra, the vigour, quality, and unity of the attack are remarkable even in these early days. There seems to be no limit to the audience, while the catholicity of its taste, and its appetite for repetition are so healthy as to be almost embarrassing. Some of us may feel a little distressed when we are asked to partake of a banquet of so many courses, each having no relation to its neighbour, though one and all are good. We may find ourselves incapable of passing lightly and easily from the “Nozze di Figaro” overture to the “Don Juan” of Richard Strauss, and thence to Rossini's “Semiramide” overture, because music establishes and reflects a mood; but these quick changes are unavoidable, and are made with as much discretion as the occasion permits.

COMMON CHORD.



JEAN DE RESZKE AT WORK: THE GREAT SINGER RUNNING THROUGH THE SCORE OF “APHRODITE” WITH AN OPERA-SINGER.

Photograph by L. Tresca.



JEAN DE RESZKE AT PLAY: THE GREAT SINGER GOLFING AT DEAUVILLE, WITH HIS WIFE AND SON AS AUDIENCE.

Photograph by L. Tresca.



HOW MOTOR PERSECUTION RECOILS ON WAGE-EARNERS—THE FOUR-INCH RACE TO BE VETOED?—THE WELSH PASSES MOTOR FIT: BARMOUTH TO DINAS MOWDDWY ON A BEESTON-HUMBER—GOOD NEWS FROM GLASGOW: ARGYLLS TO CONTINUE.

TIME was when industries, particularly the struggling and growing industries, obtained some consideration in this country at the hands of the authorities generally, but those days, to judge by the savage set made at, and the virulent persecution of, motorists to-day, up and down the country, have now passed away. The future of a great industry, with which is bound up the well-being of a large mass of skilled and unskilled workers, to say nothing of the large ramification of commercial interests allied thereto, is to be sacrificed to the petty complaints and bleatings of a section of idlers who look upon the country-side and roadways of England as special preserves for their retirement. The damming up of the motor industry by the pestilent persecution now being waged against motorists in so many parts of the country, will, and must be, felt in a serious manner through many grades of industry, even down to coal-mining, for the trades and handicrafts called in to the completion of the entire and finished car are manifold indeed. The automobile manufacturer is, after all, little more than a manipulator and assembler of the products of countless industries, all of which must, and will, suffer sorely from any check administered to him. I am at a loss to understand why the workers, the wage-earners, stand it.

An attempt is being made by certain people who have no other motive but an irresistible desire to poke their noses into other people's business, to scotch the Four-Inch race in the Isle of Man. It is even suggested that, in some unconstitutional manner, the House of Commons is to over-ride the decision of the House of Keys, and that the resolve of the sovereign people of Mona is to be rendered of no avail, because of the pusillanimous outcry of a few newspapers on this side of St. George's Channel. And this in face of the fact that the French intend to hold the Grand Prix, its defeat and its fatalities notwithstanding; indeed, are already preparing for another Grand Prix. Why all this outcry for the suppression of motor-racing when nothing is ever heard with respect to the abolition of steeplechasing or hunting, sports which in one year claim more victims than motor-racing has done since its

inception? France, Italy, and Germany may continue to hold motor-races, but England must abstain because of the *fainéant*.

It is to be hoped that the Welsh, who are credited with more than a keen eye to the main chance, will set their faces against police-traps, and so encourage the entry of holiday-making motorists into the Principality. There is some lovely scenery in North Wales, and it would receive much more frequent attention from automobilists were it more widely known that, thanks to the public spirit of the authorities, the roads over the mountain passes, hitherto regarded as almost unfit for horse traffic, have now been rendered quite practicable for automobiles. In support of this, a writer in a contemporary gives particulars of a tour made in North Wales with a 20-h.p. Beeston-Humber car. With headquarters established at Barmouth, most interesting excursions were made, the car transporting five passengers and baggage through Dolgelly and over the mountain passes to Dinas Mowddwy and Bala. The head of the pass is no less than 1700 ft. above sea-level, the road rising constantly for seven miles, and finishing in a lift of 1200 ft. in two miles, with grades up to one in five. It was said that no motor-car had ever negotiated the pass before, but the brave Beeston-Humber regarded it as "very small pertaters."



THE FIRST CARDINAL MOTORIST: CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL.

Cardinal Merry del Val, who is taking the cure at a spa near Rome, has been specially permitted by the Pope to use a motor-car for occasional visits to the Holy City. It is the kind of thing for which special permission is very necessary, even in the case of the Pontifical Secretary of State. But what a change from the days, still recent, when no Cardinal ever went out to dinner in Rome without a considerable retinue, including torch-bearers! His motoring Eminence, in spite of his foreign name, has a good deal of English blood in him, and was born in London forty-three years ago, when his father was Secretary of the Spanish Embassy here.

From the Study by H. J. Thaddens.

continue to carry a full stock of cars and spare parts, and undertake repairs, and so on. This is good hearing indeed, and upon a reasonable reconstruction being carried through, Argylls, Limited should again become a dividend-paying concern.



ARE WE PROGRESSING? A THREE-YEAR-OLD HYDROPLANE WHICH ATTAINED A SPEED OF FIFTY MILES AN HOUR.

We hear a good deal nowadays of the tremendous progress that is being made, not only with the aeroplane, in which case it is undoubted, but with the hydroplane, in which case it seems a little open to question. For as far back as October, 1905, Mr. Forlanini's hydroplane attained a speed of fifty miles an hour. The craft weighed 3640 lbs. and was 75-h.p.

Photograph by Soldati.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

YORK—THREE-YEAR-OLDS—THE ST. LEGER: A TWO OR THREE HORSE AFFAIR.

LIKE several other handicaps of late, the Great Ebor cut up in disappointing fashion on the declaration of acceptance, only eight of the twenty-four weighted being left in. Certainly the eight include Turbine, the winner of the Ascot Stakes, and Old China, the winner of the Northumberland Plate; but the fact that the former is now top weight shows what bad days have come over a race that has contributed some very interesting pages to Turf history. It cannot be gainsaid that the Ebor has been on the decline for some years, and the remark is equally true of the Great Yorkshire Stakes, run at the same meeting. Racing at York dates back many, many years, and to show how great a change has come over the Turf generally, I have only to recall the fact that in the early days of the eighteenth century a Queen Anne Cup was won by a horse called Wart, after four heats of four miles! I wonder where we could find a horse nowadays to endure such a trial! Certainly there is none amongst those that are likely to run for to-day's race. Jennings has great hopes of winning it for Captain Laing with Rousay (with Halsey up), but the horse seems to me to be much too near Turbine, who has to concede only 2 lb., a task that should be well within his compass, as should the presentation of 6 lb. to Old China. Mrs. Lyons was backed for the Chester Cup, but she has hitherto shown more ability at being left at the post than at racing, so I cannot recommend her. Mr. J. C. Sullivan has always shown a peculiar liking for this race, in which success crowned the efforts of his horses, War Wolf and The Page, in 1904 and 1905. To-day he has Chrysoberyl in at the nice racing weight of 7 st. 4 lb. She has been specially trained for the race, and is sure to run prominently. She is by Berrill, who won for Mr. Sullivan his second Cambridge-shire, the first having been won by Winkfield's Pride, who had 2 stone or more in hand, and over whom a tremendous sum was taken out of the ring. My selection for the Great Ebor will be found on another page.

The barrenness of the land with regard to three-year-old horses who are believed to be stayers was never more pronounced than it is just now. I say "believed to be" because, really, one does not care

to go further. Signorinetta won the Derby and Oaks, and was at once spoken of as a real old-fashioned stayer. Subsequent events have tended to modify, if not destroy, this belief, and it is now pretty generally admitted that Chevalier Ginistrelli won the two big Epsom events simply because his filly was fit, and that, with the possible exceptions of Llangwim in the Derby and Rhodora in the Oaks, the others were not. It seems a pity that an accident prevented Your Majesty from competing in the Derby, for he is apparently endowed with stamina far superior to that of the other top-hole three-year-olds. Whether he is really a stayer, however, has yet to be proved in public. The animals he beat in the Eclipse Stakes and the St. George Stakes, were merely brilliant sprinters, and the fact that Perrier was his nearest attendant at Ascot, shows what a poor lot he beat on the Royal Heath. We may have to wait until the St. Leger to see whether Your Majesty is a stayer. It is to be hoped, for the sake of the "classic" horses, that he will discover himself to be one.

Writing of the St. Leger, reminds one that it is rapidly dwindling down into a two or three horse affair. I had some hopes of Primer making a worthy fight in the effort to emulate Troutbeck, from the same stable, but from what I can gather from training news it seems that the colt has not been doing the right sort of work. At Ascot he was not at his best, having jarred himself on the hard ground, which has prevented him being given the requisite amount of work to get him fit for a race like that at Doncaster. Then Signorinetta had to be eased in her work, owing to coughing. On paper, the mare

had very strong claims to be fancied for the race, but a stoppage in work, be it ever so slight, is not to be regarded lightly, and I am afraid the Chevalier will not have the pleasure of winning the St. Leger this year. All hope of the race being captured by a Newmarket horse, however, has by no means vanished, for my correspondent at headquarters goes into raptures about Ebor.

CAPTAIN COE.



THE CYCLIST WHO HAS PEDALLED SIXTY MILES IN AN HOUR: MR. ALBERT E. WILLS.

Mr. Wills, the ex-holder of the 25-miles British amateur championship, set up a remarkable cycling record at Munich the other day, when, paced by a motor-cycle, he rode sixty miles in an hour. The nearest approach to this performance is the ride of Paul Guignard, who rode 59 miles 86 yards in an hour, in July, 1906.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



MERMAIDS OF PARIS: THE WINNER OF THE PRIX FÉMINA, AND OTHER COMPETITORS FOR THE TROPHY. The Prix Fémina, given by our enterprising contemporary, "Fémina," of Paris, was won by Mlle. Eugénie Decorne. In the photograph (reading from left to right) are Mlle. Eugénie Decorne, Mme. Decorne, Mlle. Delarelle, and Mlle. Marchant.—[Photograph by Rol.]

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**The Luxurious
Small Boy.**

There seems to be no doubt that the fortitude of diminutive Britons is being seriously undermined by the luxuriousness of the preparatory private school. No one can say that there is much enervating ease or epicurean overfeeding at our public schools—even at Eton and Harrow—but a *cri du cœur* is going up in one of the morning papers from various fathers and mothers who have to bear the expense of those amazing private schools to which the small boy is sent as soon as possible after he is breeched. A fire in the bedroom, should it be ever so slightly damp or chilly; a hot bath of a morning; a special diet, and abstinence from all rough games, should the interesting little creature not feel inclined for them—these are some of the features of the new education. In fact, so pampered is the modern boy of the upper classes that it seems an anomaly that his lessons should still be dull and irksome. For, if we are always at vast pains to interest the young generation in sports and games, we make few attempts to make "lessons" interesting. George Eliot has told us how Tom Tulliver, with much travail of spirit, learnt Latin, but that it never once occurred to him during those dreadful years that any human being akin to himself had ever used this loathed language. Yet children can be taught anything if you only make a game or a play of it. The Hudson system, which teaches history and foreign languages in the immortal fashion of Mr. Squeers, is quite on the right lines. If small boys dressed themselves up as the heroes of Macaulay's "Lays" and proceeded to enact the parts, they would learn Latin considerably quicker than by laboriously constructing in-different Latin verse.

**Wives in Modern
Novels.**

One may safely say that there never were, are not, and never will be, any wives quite so objectionable as the neurotic feminine creatures of modern fiction. These ladies, indeed, habitually behave to their husbands in a manner which no man of the slightest spirit would endure. In real life they would find themselves outside the front door if they used language in the least resembling that employed by the "heroines" of the novel and the stage-play. For it is not the husband, but the wife, who is the chief declaimer nowadays against the marriage-tie and all that it implies. It is on the spindle side that the banner of revolt has been raised—at any rate, in the problem novel—and there is no doubt that Woman, in fiction, considers herself a grossly ill-used person. In the six-shilling volumes which we acquire from the circulating-library, the happy couple usually have high words before they are home from the honeymoon, and, I regret to say, it is usually the woman who is most unreasonable. The man, poor dear, is apt to be inarticulate and to seek consolation in tobacco; but then he does not, when he marries, set out on the adventure with the same exaggerated ideals as his neurasthenic bride. If marriage were the lurid inferno

which it is represented to be in most of the works issued nowadays by our leading publishers, very few sane young people would apply for a license at Doctor's Commons; whereas, it is a pleasing fact that there is a decided reaction in favour of the wedded state, especially towards tolerably early marriages. As a matter of fact, the novelist or dramatist usually ignores the human part of the tie, and draws two protagonists without natural feelings, memories, or hopes.

**Young
Columbia.**

It is patent to the most casual observer, that the young American is changing even more rapidly than the Turk, the Japanese, or the Parisian, who, with his pince-nez and his pessimism, his views on Nietzsche and Nirvana, is as unlike the boulevardier of the 'sixties and 'seventies as it is possible for two men of the same race and environment to be. In physical appearance alone, the change in young Columbia is very marked. The college graduates are young giants, and they are rapidly taking on the imposing appearance of the boys depicted by Charles Dana Gibson. Moreover, they speak our common English tongue in a manner to be understood by the natives of these Isles, forbear to wave the star-spangled banner, and take a comparatively modest view of the present—and future—of the United States. And what is specially noticeable about these young men is, that they are never—like so many of their English contemporaries—despondent about their career in life. And with reason. Life, to the young American, is a more or less romantic adventure, but it is one which, if he chooses, may always end happily. Small wonder he looks radiant. The stars are with him.

**A Crimson
Cure.**

The Americans—whose chief characteristic is curiosity—are by nature a nation of experimenters, and it is not in the least astonishing to hear that they are using colour in the cure of insanity, and that at the Illinois Asylum red, blue, and even black rooms are part of the system of treatment. In this benign sanatorium, it appears, the patients are not herded together in one big building, but are placed out in cottages in a cantonment. Quite lately, an all-black room was used with the happiest effect on a maniac, while deep azure acts in a particularly soothing manner on excitable lunatics. But of all the colour-cures, the crimson one is the most remarkable. With red walls, a red carpet, and red lamp-shades the melancholic patient, poor wight, becomes almost gay. If a lady is suffering the pangs of an unrequited passion, the doctor hangs up a scarlet window-blind, and Mariana is at once consoled. We may be sure there is much in the idea, for, seeing that we suffer acutely from the wrong colours when in robust mental health, it is in no way remarkable that a suave tint like blue or a triumphant tone like red should affect our mental condition when the mind has gone astray.



[Copyright.]

A SMART GOWN FOR THE SEASIDE.

(For further Notes for Ladies, see the "Woman-About-Scotland" page.)

THE WOMAN ABOUT SCOTLAND.

ALL the Scots are now settled for the season at their lodges, castles, halls, hotels, or houses. Any more decided change than this from town life cannot be imagined. No morning papers are on the table. It is the middle of the day ere the *Scotsman* puts in a welcome appearance. For once in a way we women know the news before the men, who by that time have gone off to the moors, deer forests, rivers or loughs. As to the illustrated papers from London, we get them two days after they are issued, up here in Sutherlandshire. If, by chance, one has a copy of *The Sketch* a post in advance of other people, then one is in a position to bestow favours which are keenly appreciated. There is not a dull moment for anyone, the weather being splendid. It is when the floods descend and the wind whistles, that the temperaments of house-party guests are tried. Now everyone is out from the time they get up, usually for a nine o'clock breakfast, until they go to bed, seldom later than eleven.

There was a big bazaar at Beaufort Castle this week, which was cleverly organised by one of Lord Lovat's sisters in aid of the Inverness-shire Sanatorium for consumptives. It is the second time that such a scheme has been tried in the Highlands. Last autumn that extraordinarily successful arranger of fêtes for philanthropic purposes, the Duchess of Sutherland, had a fête at Dunrobin Castle for helping the first batch of sixteen lads turned out of the Sutherland Technical College during the years of their apprenticeship. This was a grand success. The Duchess of Connaught, who was a guest at Dunrobin, opened it. Now the Duchess of Sutherland opened the bazaar at Beaufort Castle. Lord Lovat had a large house-party for it, which included the Duchess of Sutherland, the Countess of Dunmore, Viscountess Encombe, Lord Lovat's widowed sister and her two boys, Lady Hermione Cameron of Lochiel, Sir Ian and Lady Macpherson Grant, Lady Mary Grant, the Mackintosh and Mrs. Mackintosh, Mr. and Mrs. Macpherson of Cluny, and Sir Charles and Lady Ross of Balnagowan. Lady Ross, who is an American, and has a charming voice, sang during the afternoon; and a great draw was the exhibition of stags' heads in the Castle — included in it were the finest examples in Scotland.

The Duke of Sutherland has been cruising to some of the outlying places on his large estates, and was last week at Inveraray on a visit to Lord and Lady George Campbell. This week, the Duke and Duchess came to Dunrobin Castle, where they will entertain throughout the Scottish Season. Rumour has it that the King is to pay them a visit. I know not if rumour is, on this occasion, to be depended upon. His Majesty and the Queen called at Dunrobin while on their first yachting cruise in the *Victoria* and *Albert* after the Accession. Their Majesties were delighted with the beautiful place. The Castle, built of light-grey stone, has one of the finest situations in the world. Part of it is mediæval, and all is over a century and a half old. The gardens, lying far beneath it, stretch down almost to the bay, and are laid out in the Italian style. Every form of Highland sport and game is close at hand, although the Castle is perched upon a cliff above sea-level. The deer-forest is within an easy drive; the moors are close at hand. The River

Brora is within half a mile of the Castle, and the Duchess lifts many a fine fish from it. Lough Brora, romantic and lovely, is about two miles away, and affords trout and salmon fishing. There

is a fine, but far from easy, golf-course at Brora, on which members of the Dunrobin house-party play almost every day, and Dornoch is within comfortable motor distance, the car having to be taken across the ferry. Then there is splendid bathing in the Bay, and good deep-sea fishing. For a country home it is ideal.

The Duchess of Sutherland fishes, plays golf, motors (driving her own car), shoots (but not often), swims, and generally enjoys country life. Her eldest boy, Lord Stafford, who will be of age next

year, promises to be a fine sportsman, and so does her younger son; while the only daughter of the house, Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower, is a real outdoor child who loves animals and games and sport, and is a very good swimmer, and may one day emulate her cousin, Lady Constance Stewart Richardson, who held the championship shield for swimming for several seasons.

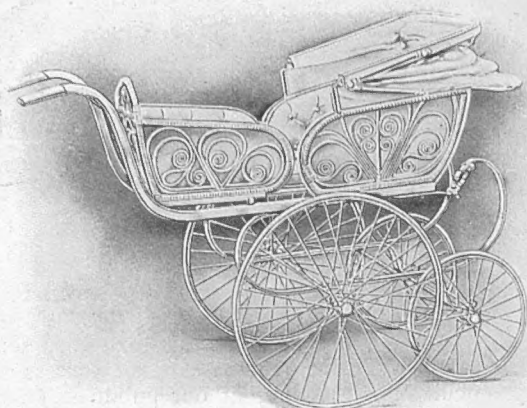
The Queen, during her stay at Balmoral, did quite a long motor drive to Tulchan Lodge, and lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon, whose guest the Prince of Wales then was. The drive was through some fine scenery, a distance of some thirty-five miles. The village of Tomintoul is en route. It is the highest in Scotland, about 1400 feet above sea level. It boasts a hotel and golf-links, which were opened last autumn by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. There is also good fishing. It is rather a bleak place, and boasts a Roman Catholic church of larger proportions

than accords with the size of the place, and is a reminder that the Faith of Stuarts is still held in Scotland.

Liquid polishes are much in favour now, and of these "Brasso" is one of the best-known. Any article polished with "Brasso" remains bright for a remarkable time. That means much, for it spells economy to the housewife and a great saving in labour. "Brasso" contains nothing which can injure the most polished surface; it will not scratch, and is not in any way corrosive, so that the skin is quite unaffected by it. To ensure the best results, the tin must be well shaken before the contents are used. The tins are retailed at 2d., 3d., 6d., and 1s. each. They can be obtained from all grocers, stores, ironmongers, saddlers, etc.

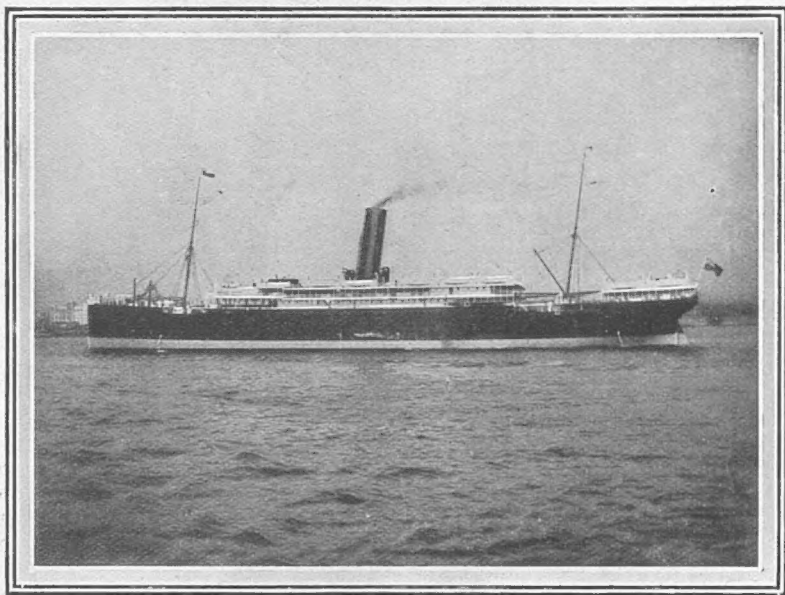
Our musical readers will be interested to hear that Mr. Robin Overleigh, the well-known bass-baritone, has been specially engaged for the First Tetrazzini tour.

By means of the latest and most up-to-date machinery, a fully hollow-ground razor can now be procured for the modest sum of 2s. 6d., a privilege of which, no doubt, many will be glad to take advantage. The tempering of the steel is treated electrically, and by this means the hardening process is more even and reliable than by old methods. Erni's Ator razor, although procurable at such a moderate cost, compares favourably with the most expensive razor, both as regards quality and finish.



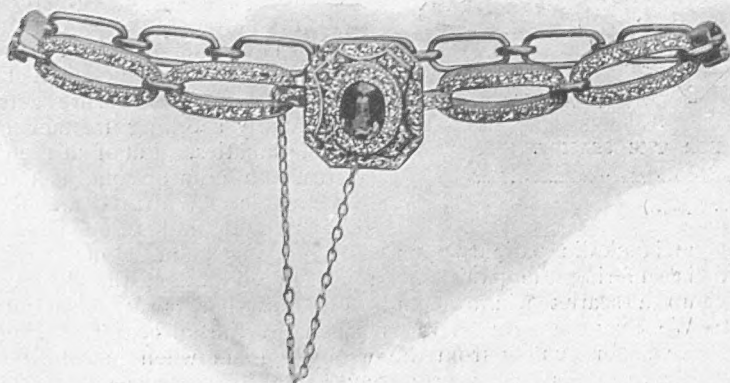
A BABY-CAR MADE FOR THE QUEEN OF SPAIN.

The child can be seated or can recline at full length in the baby-car. The body is made of fine cane-work of artistic design, and is painted an ivory-white colour. It is mounted on the easiest Cee springs, hung with leather braces, and ball-bearing wheels. The hood and upholstery are made of ivory-white "Moroket." This is an unbreakable material which resembles Morocco leather, but is waterproof and can be easily washed. All the fittings and wheels are nickel-plated. The car illustrated was specially built for the Queen of Spain by Messrs. Leveson and Sons, 90 and 92, New Oxford Street, and 26, Knightsbridge, London.



A PALATIAL VESSEL: THE PACIFIC COMPANY'S LATEST STEAMBOAT.

There has just arrived in the Mersey from the yard of Messrs. William Beardmore & Co. Dalmuir, a palatial steamer, the "Orcoma," for the Pacific Steam Navigation Co.'s mail and passenger service to Brazil, River Plate, and the Pacific. Her dimensions are: length, 510 feet; breadth, 62 feet; and depth 40 feet 6 inches, and her tonnage is 11,532. She has accommodation for about 600 passengers, and the arrangements of her cabins, etc., which are by Waring and Gillow, Ltd., are up-to-date in every respect. On her preliminary trial during the run round from the Clyde, the average speed attained was over 17½ knots per hour. She begins her maiden voyage on the 27th instant, and en route to the Pacific will call at the usual Continental ports—La Rochelle Pallice, Corunna, Vigo, Leixoes (Oporto), and Lisbon.



A DIAMOND-AND-PLATINUM LINK BRACELET, WITH EMERALD CENTRE, AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 9.

PROSPECTS.

TO have got through August as well as it has done is something for which the Stock Exchange should be thankful. In one way and another, a fair amount of business has visited the House, and to many members the month will turn out less barren than the usual August. The problem now is to pry into the prospects of the future, the more immediate future. Expectation is bent upon seeing a grand, all-round movement in the upward direction in the new month. But hope must have business to back it if prices are to rise, and we should not be surprised if the expected further advance were to tarry in its coming. So far as the quality of any improvement is concerned, the steadier the better, say we.

FOREIGN GOVERNMENT ISSUES.

It is good to see Japanese Bonds advancing in favour and price once more. We were never amongst those who cried down the securities when the quotations receded, and, on the contrary, have consistently recommended the First Series of the 4½ per cent. issue as a good investment. Wherefore, it is so much the pleasanter to observe the improvement, which has been accompanied by an almost general advance in the prices of Foreign Government Bonds. At the risk of wearying our readers, may we repeat that a sound Argentine, Chinese, or Japanese Bond is a good 5 per cent. investment, and one which is likely to advance rather than recede in value? Investors at home and abroad are buying stocks such as these, and their popularity is much more likely to increase than to wane. Brazilian Bonds, for the present, had better be given a fairly wide berth.

BREWERIES BETTER.

Possibly it is because an impression gains general ground that the Government will drop the Licensing Bill that brewery stocks show a disposition to crawl out of their long-continued flatness. Sound Debenture stocks like those of the Whitbread Company are moving up, while such speculations as the Preference stocks of Watney and other similar companies have also been put up. Dealers in the market find that brokers who had orders not long ago to sell stocks for what could be obtained, are being instructed by their clients to wait before disposing of the stock when a cautious buyer or two appears. Even in the Cabinet it is understood that several minor rifts exist, of which any one might seriously impede, if it did not actually upset, the progress of the Bill. These are some, at all events, of the reasons which cause Brewery stocks to be regarded with a less unfavourable eye.

AMERICAN ARTIFICES.

By the cleverest kind of manipulation, the Wall Street bosses have succeeded in getting the market entirely into their own hands—the market not in Railroad shares only, but in Copper, too. The stock markets have been swept tolerably bare of shares, the operation of financing purchases being rendered easy enough by the exceeding lightness of money rates both in Lombard Street and Wall Street. Preparations would appear to be fairly well complete for the commencement of the autumn boom, which prophesy has talked about for some time past. The crop traffics, we are sedately told, will eclipse in magnitude anything in the shape of freight ever before handled by American Railroad Companies, and the "Prosperity societies" talk largely on the subject of splendid autumn business. Scepticism upon the materialising of such optimistic utterances may be permitted, but, for the time being, the market presents a firm enough appearance.

KAFFIRETTES.

There is a strength about the Kaffir Market which contradicts the natural assumption that prices must fall after such a rise as they have enjoyed during the past few weeks. Prices look as though they would go further before they fare worse.

Wolhuter shares can be bought about 2½. The life is a long one—some thirty years. Profits for the past six months averaged £6634 per month—say £80,000 per annum. Capital is divided into 215,000 shares of £4 each, but the Company has a debt of, we believe, some £50,000. When the latter is paid off, Wolhuters at 52s. 6d. will look very cheap.

Kaffir Consols have been down to 15s. this year, and are now within a few pence of two pounds. They should be sold by anyone who can take a profit on them.

City and Suburban Shares, nominally of £4 a-piece, don't seem at all dear at 37s. 6d. The mine is making a profit of about £10,000 a month, equal to £120,000 a year. Last year the company paid 8s. per share, this year, 3s. has, so far, been distributed, and there should be more to come in December, though, perhaps, not 5s. People are quietly buying these "investment" shares.

Too much significance need not be attached to statements that buying emanates from Paris or the Cape. Both centres are easily available to the London operator who wants to hide his tracks or to create a favourable impression as to the character of the buying.

ESPERANZA.

"While there's life, there's Esperanza," remarked a well-satisfied bull of the shares the other day, as he took a fine profit on a little lot bought very cheaply. As a gamble, either way, Esperanzas take much beating. The recent developments will, no doubt, lengthen the life of the mine to a considerable extent, but will the Company be able to continue paying dividends of anything like the same amount as proprietors have grown used to? We take it that the reply is in the negative, and most decidedly so. Upon the strength of the new discoveries a bigish bull account has been built up; and, apart from other factors, this provides an element of weakness. A fall would appear to be the natural sequel to a rise so abrupt, but there are quite good authorities who favour a fresh advance, and the man who doesn't object to taking risks might do well to keep his Esperanzas for a bit longer.

PREMIUM BONDS.

A word or two about these premium bonds. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to advise readers to be very careful with whom they deal. It is, perhaps, also unnecessary to suggest to readers that they need not believe all that everyone tells them. The best way to deal is in the Stock Exchange, where the transactions come under the Rules and Regulations of the House. If a man buys premium bonds, he gets them ready stamped: there is nothing to pay in this direction afterwards. If by ill-hap or maladvice he lights upon a swindle, he is pretty certain to be told so in dealing with a member of the Stock Exchange. Quotations can be checked, if desired, with the lists of foreign bourses, and information as to drawings is obtainable from a paper called *Le Moniteur des Interêts Matériels*. It is published at regular intervals.

TAQUAH MINING COMPANY.

Particulars were published last week of the progress of mine-development on this property for the three months ended June 30, and the results obtained are so remarkable as to be deserving of your readers' attention. At the date of the last quarterly report, the reef had been cut on the lowest, or fifth, level, 850 feet down the shaft. Up to June 30, it had been driven on for 100 feet, and for that distance was of an average width of 62 inches, and worth over 2 oz. of gold to the ton. On June 30, the face in the north-east drive was 61 inches wide, assaying 1 oz. 11 dwt. per ton, and in the south-west drive the face showed a reef 67 inches in width, and the assay value was 1 oz. 6 dwt. per ton. So far, therefore, the reef on this level is wider, and of greater value than on the upper levels. On the fourth level, 720 feet down the shaft, the reef had been driven on 344 feet north-east, and 345 feet south-west, or 689 feet in all. In the north-east drive, the average assay is 1 oz. 15 dwt. over a width of 55 inches, and in the south-west drive the average value is 1 oz. per ton over the same width, so that the main reef on this level, for a length of 389 feet, is worth £5 10s. per ton over a width of more than 4½ feet. At two points in the drive on this level a duplication of the reef has been discovered, which may be of great value and importance. The first point is at 223 feet in the north-east drive, where a second ore-body, over 5 feet wide, has been driven on for 15 feet, worth 1 oz. 13 dwt. per ton. On June 30, the reef in the face of this drive was 8 feet wide, worth over £5 per ton. The other point is at 320 feet, where 16 feet have been driven on the second ore-body, worth over £5 per ton for a width of 37.6 inches. The main shaft had been sunk on June 30 to 938 feet, so that it will soon be possible to cross-cut for the reef on the sixth level.

It might have been supposed that results such as these would have caused great animation in the market for these shares; but the West African section has failed, so far, from causes well understood on the Stock Exchange, to have any share in the revival of the last few months. Proprietors of Taquah shares, however, will be well advised not to think of parting with their holdings at anything like present quotations, for sheer merit must take them in time to a much higher level. The first dividend will, no doubt, be declared in the forthcoming annual report, if not sooner, and it is probable that proposals will at the same time be put forward to double the present mill. With a reef of such size and value as is being opened-up on this mine, and with 100 stamps at work, the Taquah Mine will be producing gold on a very different scale in a few years' time.

Saturday, August 22, 1908.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.
Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

VILLE DE PARIS.—(1) In the Stock Exchange. (2) The new Prussian 4 per cent. Bonds about 99½ are cheap. (3) Possibly the market in Russian bonds will be made good to ensure the next issue being successful.

MRS. C.—Your letter was answered by post on Aug. 21.

J. W. B.—We replied by post on Aug. 21, and returned your papers.

RAGAS.—Peruvian Debentures may be considered a good investment in the second rank. The Mexican Southern we regard as extremely speculative.

F. B.—Your letter has been answered by post.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

I think the Ebor Handicap at York will be won by Chrysoberyl. Other fancies for the meeting are: Clifton Plate, Saucy John; Londesborough Welter, Prattler; Duke of York Stakes, Poor Boy; Convivial Produce Stakes, Parisot; Lowther Handicap, Wild Lad; Harewood Handicap, Melayr; Great Yorkshire Stakes, Quelpart; Gimcrack Stakes, Tzigane. At Gatwick these may go close: August Handicap, Balbriggan; Tilgate Welter, Ardea; Home-Bred Plate, Star of Africa; Newdigate Welter, College; Lowfield Plate, Ashcot; Moderate Plate, Fruitful; Kite Handicap, Rather Dangerous; Rostrum Handicap, Jaquette; Sutton Handicap, Peter Jackson.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"A Set of Six." By Joseph Conrad. (Methuen.)—"The Burden." By C. A. Dawson-Scott. (Heinemann.)

AN auctioneer would have catalogued Mr. Joseph Conrad's "Set of Six" as "Tales, Six, various," and he would have been more precise in his description than is the author of those tales. The six are a set only in that they are the work of one hand; each differs considerably from the other. Mr. Conrad himself is the first to recognise and acknowledge this, and he labels his stories one by one—romantic, ironic, indignant, desperate, military, pathetic. It is difficult—indeed, impossible—to say which has the greatest merit—all are good, and all depend upon the whim of the reader. For ourselves, we find Mr. Conrad most entertaining, in the instances before us, when he is romantic and military. When in the former mood he shows us Gaspar Ruiz, the Chilian Samson whose Delilah was his wife. Gaspar was a patriot, but he was accused of being a deserter, was shot, and escaped death by a miracle, a stratagem, and strength. He sought refuge in the house of royalists—royalists of whom Erminia was not the least. Later, he married Erminia, and gradually she undermined his patriotism. His country again became suspicious of him, spied upon him, he revolted, turned outlaw, and joined Spain. Then it was that the Chilians captured his wife and child and kept them prisoners in the fort at Pequeña. He raised his forces and went to rescue them. The palisade was too strong. He sent many miles for a gun to make a breach. It came, but on the way they had lost its carriage, and without a carriage it was useless. So the strong man made his great sacrifice. The gun was lashed on his back—

"I saw suddenly before me a nondescript shape on all fours like a beast, but with a man's head drooping below a tubular projection over the nape of the neck, and the gleam of a rounded mass of bronze on its back.

"In front of a silent semicircle of men it squatted alone, with Jorge behind it and a trumpeter motionless, his trumpet in his hand, by its side.

"Jorge bent double, muttered, port-fire in hand: 'An inch to the left, Señor. Too much. So. Now, if you let yourself down a little by letting your elbows bend, I will . . .'

"He leaped aside, lowering his port-fire, and a burst of flame darted out of the muzzle of the gun lashed on the man's back.

"Then Gaspar Ruiz lowered himself slowly: 'Good shot?' he asked.

"Full on, Señor."

"Then load again."

Three shots were fired, and at the third the gate fell. Before the third—

"Exert your force forward against the recoil, *mi amo*," said the old gunner shakily. "Dig your fingers into the ground. So. Now!"

"A cry of exultation escaped him after the shot. The trumpeter raised his trumpet nearly to his lips, and waited. But no word came from the prostrate man. I fell on one knee, and heard all he had to say then.

"Something broken," he whispered, lifting his head a little, and turning his eyes towards me in his hopelessly crushed attitude.

"The gate hangs only by the splinters," yelled Jorge.

"Gaspar Ruiz tried to speak, but his voice died out in his throat, and I helped roll the gun off his broken back. He was insensible."

So ended the patriot turned royalist. In military mood, Mr. Conrad has to tell us of the life duel of Feraud and D'Hubert, both of the Hussars, Lieutenants when Napoleon was Emperor. Feraud was a firebrand; D'Hubert, a staff officer who had to convey to him an unpleasant order. Thus the quarrel began. Feraud was furious, forced D'Hubert to draw, and got a cut across the arm. From that moment he was his brother officer's sworn enemy. None knew the cause of the quarrel; D'Hubert himself could find no proper reason for Feraud's hate, but he was bound to accept his enemy's challenges. So he fought him as lieutenant, as captain, as colonel, as general, and always he was victorious; always Feraud's vindictiveness grew. And still none knew the cause of the feud. Such was military honour, such the sensitiveness of the military man. And there was poetic justice about it, too, for the aggressor was never the successful, and it was the last fight that brought to D'Hubert the knowledge that Adèle loved him. Certainly, "A Set of Six" should be read.

Once again we are confronted with a problem novel, and, unfortunately, neither the problem nor the novel much appeals to us. Lady Raven was much younger than her husband, who had married her frankly that an heir to the title might be born. He was disappointed. Then came upon the scene the heir-presumptive, Piers Raven, of the same generation as Elizabeth, and youth called to youth—

The hour was ripe, and when the man spoke, the woman listened. . . . She understood that this was love. She loved Piers, not temperately as she loved her husband, but with all that there was of her. . . . His regiment was ordered out to South Africa. . . . In that ghastly moment of their sundering he wooed and not in vain. They fell as men and women have, since first the laws of nature ceased to be the rule of life.

Piers sailed, and in due time Lady Raven knew that a child would be born to her. Her husband learnt it, too, and rejoiced. A few days later he was shot dead, accidentally, and his wife was left to fight her battle alone. When a son was given her, the joys of motherhood enveloped her, but with the joys came the burden, the knowledge that the child was not Lord Raven, and that Piers was being kept out of his rightful inheritance. At last she confessed, but none save Piers believed her, for the little Lord was so like the dead Lord that none would question his parentage. In the end, all went well with the twain—

"What are your plans?"

"Plans?" he said happily. "Why, to marry you, of course."

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